

Heart of The Sword

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Summary: Kenshin reminisces about his past. Some spoilers. Read if you wish.

Heart of The Sword

>HEART OF THE SWORD

>
The heart of my sword probably has the most tortured soul.

>
I stared at the cherry blossoms floating in the air, and slowly, I reminisce, they seem so red and faintly like the blood that scattered the many years ago. Life then was monotone, not as rich with color as it is today. Maybe it was because the color I could only offer it then was red. The fear alighting even an unaware stranger's eyes when they see the slight shadow of my red hair, the red blood gracing my sword and the crimson pools on the ground...

>
Kill, they say, so kill, I tell my bloodied sword. Kill to open the gates of a new era. Kill for salvation. Kill for a better Japan. So I do so, unmindful of the cries and screams that will soon be one with the heartbeat of silence.

>
But there are times when my sword would ask me questions I couldn't answer. Doesn't killing mean death? Doesn't killing mean pain? Doesn't killing mean an erasure of memories that aren't mine yet I should give a little damn about at least?

>
Amidst the questions, it only follows what I do. But that doesn't mean it doesn't carry the painful memory of blood drenching its steel. And no matter how much I try to wipe or whip them away, the stench of mixed blood from a pile of killings are forever imbedded in my sword.

>
Yes, the heart of my sword probably has the most tortured soul.

>

> <p><p>

End
file.